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 Hot and Cold Drinks in connection.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell N. M. Sept. 7, 1911. Notice is hereby given that William H. Wells of Pecos Co. Texas, who on Dec. 31, 1908, made Homestead Entry, No. 06611 for SE1-4, Section 25, Township 12S. Range 37 E. N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before J. D. Cooley, U. S. Commissioner, at Scott N. M. on the 14 day of November 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses:
 Edward E. Travis of Scott, N. M.
 Elisha F. Rodgers, of Broncho Tex.
 Charles E. Layman,
 Hershah Fields,

T. C. Tillotson,
 Register.

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Plains Studio,

All kinds of Photography work
 Kodak work a Speciality
 John Beard
 Prop.

Here Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell N. M. Sept. 7, 1911. Notice is hereby given that Maggie E. Gaither, widow of James W. Gaither, of Monument Co. N. M. who on Dec. 23, 1905, made Homestead Entry no. 09855, for S1-2 SE1-4, NW1-4 SE1-4 & SW1-4 SW1-4, Section 33, Township 19S. Range 37 E. N. M. P. M., has filed notice of intention to make final five year Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Wesley McCallister, U. S. Commissioner, at Lovington N. M. on the 23, day of October 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses:
 Rubin R. Blackmon, William G. MacArthur, Harry Gaither, Louis B. Cocke, all of Monument, N. M.

T. C. Tillotson
 Register.

W. O. W. CIRCLE, LOVINGTON
 GROVE, No. 27.

Regular Meeting every third Thursday in each month in W. O. W. Hall
 MRS. N. J. CORNETT, Guardian
 MRS. MAMIE GRAHAM, Clerk.

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**LOVINGTON GROCERY
 & DRY GOODS CO.**

THE IDEAL

NOVELIZED BY HARRY D. BLAZES

CHAPTER VI

For a time there was silence in the room. Then the door of one room opened and Mrs. Blazes peered anxiously forth.

"I wonder why he is so long getting that hat," she said to herself.

The door across from her began to open, and she hurriedly dashed back and closed her door. The Count had Daphne come from the library.

"Indeed," Daphne said, "he might have told me you were in there. But maybe he meant it as a surprise to me."

She stammered and peeped regularly at the Count.

"I hope," the Count said, "it was a surprise. To think that now we have a meeting."

"The pleasure is all yours, sweet noble of teutonic blood," said Daphne, with fine sarcasm.

The Count looked at her with plique, shaking his head mournfully.

"To think!" he sighed. "After all I spend on you, and you leave me waiting for you in such disgraceful places on der corner!"

Daphne tried to explain.

"Honest, Count," she said, at which pet name he flinched. "Honest, Count, I didn't mean to disappoint you, but a traveling gentleman I hadn't seen for a long time came through, and as I hadn't seen him for so long, I went to supper with him. You see, the trouble with you and me was the way we talked. Half the time I couldn't understand you and the other half you couldn't understand me."

The Count looked at her blankly. Her explanation did not explain at all.

"Such a deceitfulness!" he said. "And after I gave you my ring. How dared you keep it?"

The Count's haughty indignation over her having kept his ring was dulced with a little twinge of conscience over the fact that, separated from them by only a thin door, was another lady to whom, that very day, he had given a similar ring. The Count had the habit of "wishing on" a ring, as an incident of his various flirtations. And no sooner did he wish it on then he began to wish it back.

"I didn't keep your old ring!" Daphne retorted.

"You didn't?"

"No. I gave it away to a gentleman friend."

"Vat!" the Count asked, in noble horror. "You gave my beautiful ring away. Achi! To think of it, mit all its family and historical significance, being on der finger of some common person!"

"Indeed," Daphne snapped. "He isn't any common person. I want you to know. He is the head of a noble family, a respected citizen and a particular admirer of mine."

The Count regarded her with an icy stare as he said crushingly:

"I am afraid then he is not so particular as he might be."

For a moment the very air was tense between them. The Count glared at Daphne, and Daphne returned his glare with fiery interest. She leaned over until her sharp nose was within three inches of his face, and said to him in razor accents:

"You can't insult me! I've been insulted by experts!"

The Count jumped as though he had been pricked by a pin. This setting of him down as a nonentity, accompanied by a sharp snap of the finger, was a bit more cavalier treatment than he had ever received. He could think of nothing to say in reply. Daphne, now thoroughly angry, went on:

"I want you to understand that General Blazes!"

"You gave my ring to General Blazes!" the Count gasped.

"Sure," Daphne replied.

"Mein Gott im Himmel!"

With one of his rings on the General's finger and the other on the finger of the General's wife, the thought was too much. The Count dropped limply into a chair and wagged his head sadly.

"Such rings in der same family!"

Harry dashed into the room, and stopped in astonishment at sight of them.

"What?" he exclaimed. "You shouldn't have come out like a. Get back in the library for a minute and then I'll let you escape."

He smiled easily now, for he had moved the red string matters so that he could eliminate these people.



"The Ideal!" She ejaculated. "I Won't Breathe the Same Air With That German Foreigner!"

from his home and have some peace the rest of the day.

Daphne and the Count meekly entered the library, and Harry ran to the door of his bedroom and was about to open it when he heard Carolyn calling him:

"Oh, Harry, where are you?"

Mrs. Blazes, hearing him at her door, opened it and was now coming out, when, to her utter astonishment he shoved her back into the room and pulled the door to.

"I'm coming," he called to Carolyn, and hurried out again.

Simultaneously the door of the library opened, and Daphne emerged.

"The ideal!" she ejaculated. "I won't breathe the same air with that German foreigner!"

Then she heard some one approaching the room, and consternation seized her. She looked nervously about for a place of concealment.

"Where can I hide? Where can I hide?" she wailed.

The voices came nearer, and desperately she rushed to the door of the bedroom wherein was Mrs. Blazes. Opening the door, she dashed in!

With mutual exclamations of recognition she and Mrs. Blazes saw each other. And the door was still trembling shut when Lucy and Harry strolled into the den.

Slaters in affliction and adversity, Mrs. Blazes and Daphne were not long in confiding to each other, in bated whispers, the reasons for their presence. Daphne's position was one well calculated to upset her nerves. Outside were two men with whom she had flirted, one of whom wanted a ring he had given her and which she had presented to the husband of the lady with whom she was talking.

On the other hand, Mrs. Blazes was not happily situated. Without a perfect duplicate of her hat she felt that she could not go home. She could not leave the room now, to go home, anyway.

And now, locked in with her, was the only person who could make a duplicate of her hat.

"What are we to do?" she tearfully asked Daphne.

"Be quiet, and listen to what goes on out there," Daphne told her. "Mr. Swinton is just as nervous to get us out as we are to get him. If some one else doesn't drop in and have to be hidden, I think he will work it some way."

"Well, if I get out of here undiscovered," said Mrs. Blazes, raising her hand to wipe away a tear. "I'll never stir again."

Daphne's sharp eyes saw a familiar ring on the finger.

"What's that ring, Mrs. Blazes?" she distinguished. "Did your husband give it to you?"

Lucy, in Her Plain Gray Dress, Was a Marked Contrast to the Dashing Beauties He Knew.

"What? 'Oh, this ring?' Mrs. Blazes answered guiltily, folding her other hand about it carelessly, so as to conceal it. "Oh, no, that's just a ring that belongs to a friend of mine."

Daphne could not understand it, and yet she could not ask any more questions. She contented herself with saying:

"I've heard that sometimes rings brought bad luck."

CHAPTER VII

When Harry and Lucy strolled into the den, just after Daphne had succeeded in getting into the room with Mrs. Blazes, they were followed by Mr. Medders. Mr. Medders was finding many things to interest him in Harry's home. This was the first time he had ever been where he might saunter from room to room and examine pictures, books and bric-a-brac—many of which were of a kind that were not popular in his own environment.

"Oh, Harry," Lucy said, "this is just the most delightful visit!"

"I'm doing everything I can to make it pleasant for you, and I hope nothing happens to spoil it," Harry said.

To be continued

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION
 ISSOLATE TRACT
 023129
 Public Land Sale

Department of the Interior, U. S. Land Office at Roswell N. M. Sept. 14, 1911. Notice is hereby given that, as directed by the commissioner of the General Land Office, under provisions of Act of Congress approved June 27, 1906 (34 Stat., 517), we will offer at public sale, to the highest bidder at 10 o'clock A. M., on the 30th day of October, 1911, at this office, the following described land: Lots 1-2-3-4 of Sec. 4, and Lots 3 and 4 of Sec. 3, T. 11 S. R. 36 E.

Any person claiming adversely the above described land are advised to file their claims, or objections on or before the time designated for sale.

T. C. Tillotson,
 Register.